

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



THE RECTOR HAS A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY.

THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER XVII.—DRAWN AT A VENTURE.

"To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness on the brain."

—*Coleridge.*

WHEN Mr. Reed made his abrupt exit from his house he was in a state of angry excitement, very much akin to temporary madness. He had felt for a long time past that his wife's manner towards him had changed; there had been a certain reserve

and shyness on her part which not only pained, but offended him. He had understood from the first that in the practice of her religion she might have secrets and confidences in which none but her spiritual advisers could participate: he had no wish to intrude upon these, nor in any way to interfere with them; on the contrary, he made it a point of honour to protect every privilege to which, in right of her religious profession, she was entitled. It was with this motive that he had forbidden Mr. Cope's

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visits; he had heard many instances of that gentleman's indiscreet zeal, and knew him also to be unscrupulous, and he wished to protect his wife from any annoyance on his part. When, therefore, he discovered by an accident that this man had been frequenting his house during his recent absence, and also on many previous occasions when he had been from home, it seemed to him that a systematic and long-continued course of deceit had been practised towards him, and he was naturally deeply wounded and incensed.

But before he had gone many yards from his own door he began to think that he had acted foolishly. Whither was he going? what did he propose to do? How was it to end? These thoughts flashed through his mind; and as he could not answer them, he dismissed them in a fresh burst of indignation, and strode onwards. Leaving the town, he turned into some meadows, and along a foot-path little frequented at that hour of the day, into a willow copse, and so on down to the river-side, where the stream was crossed by a foot-bridge, seeking only solitude and escape from observation. There, leaning pensively over the hand-rail, Mr. Harte found him. Knowing nearly every one in both Halfords, the good rector had made judicious inquiries, and after a fruitless visit to the railway-station in the first instance, had fallen upon the right track without much further difficulty. Mr. Reed was not aware of his approach until he heard and felt his footstep on the bridge. They shook hands, and Mr. Reed, finding that the rector did not release his hand after the first greeting, but grasped it firmly in both his own, looked at him inquiringly.

"What were you thinking about," said Mr. Harte, "with your eyes fixed upon the river?"

Mr. Reed did not answer immediately. He had been thinking how quiet and peaceful it seemed down in those deep holes, where the trees hung over the bank, and where scarcely a ray of light from this upper world appeared to penetrate. He murmured something of this sort after a few moments, turning his eyes again towards the stream.

"Running water has a kind of fascination for some people," said the rector, "especially when it glides on so slowly and smoothly as this does, with just a gentle ripple on the surface, and no more. Such a scene as this reminds me of the 'still waters' of David, or, as it may be read, the Waters of Rest. One may find refreshment in this quiet scene from the troubles of life."

Mr. Reed shook his head but did not speak.

"And yet," the rector continued, "it is not all so calm below the surface as one might imagine. Do you see yonder pike, half hidden among the weeds: there will be a commotion among the little fishes presently when they come near him. Or perhaps the pike himself may be caught first; for I see a man upon the bank with rod and line coming near him, spinning his artificial minnow full of hooks and barbs to tempt him; so there is treachery and deceit under the water as well as on the land."

"Treachery and deceit," said Mr. Reed, bitterly; "yes, indeed! where is it not?"

"You speak feelingly," the rector answered, "and have, I fear, too good reason. But come, I want to clear away that shadow that hangs so darkly over your features, and I think I know how it may be done. Let me take your arm and walk a little way with you; I know something of your trouble."

Surprised, and with a feeling of relief in having a friend so near, and one for whom he had always felt the truest esteem and respect, Mr. Reed suffered himself to be drawn away. They walked slowly towards the town, and the rector told him, as they went along, of the interview which he had had with his wife, and of that which he contemplated seeking with the vicar of St. Michael's.

"You are right! you are right!" cried Mr. Reed. "That man can give the clue to the mystery, if anybody can. We will go to him at once and demand an explanation."

Mr. Cope had just returned from one of his "celebrations" when the two gentlemen reached his door, and they went in with him to his study. He received them cordially, but with a degree of restlessness and anxiety which did not escape their notice. Mr. Reed had asked Mr. Harte to introduce the subject of their visit, as he felt he could not trust himself. It was soon told. "There was a misunderstanding between man and wife," Mr. Harte said. "He had reason to believe that Mr. Cope could remove the cause of it. They were not come to complain of anything that he had said or done, but merely to ask for an explanation, and especially with reference to the secrecy which had been observed, as it would seem, by his desire. Mrs. Reed had given them to understand that there were good and valid reasons for all that had occurred, but she was not at liberty to say what they were. The most lamentable consequences must ensue if this want of confidence between husband and wife were suffered to continue. Mr. Cope could put an end to it; would he do so?"

Mr. Cope protested that it was quite out of his power to do anything of the kind. He had only visited Mrs. Reed as a clergyman. True, Mrs. Reed was a Roman Catholic, but she was one of his parishioners; the differences between them were really so small—

"Mrs. Reed would not admit that," said Mr. Harte; "every true Roman Catholic will insist that they are, on the contrary, of the most important and vital kind. I, as a Protestant, and not ashamed of the name, maintain the same."

"Of course we shall not agree on these points," Mr. Cope replied, "so it is useless arguing, and there is no more to be said about the matter. I decline to give any further explanation."

"You have given none at all, so far," said Mr. Harte; "but the matter cannot rest here. To speak plainly, you have been the means of bringing discord and misery into the home of one of your parishioners, and he has a right to expect from you, as a Christian and a gentleman, that you will do your best to remedy the evil."

"Did Mrs. Reed charge me with this?" Mr. Cope asked, looking very white.

"I infer that it is so—not only from her words, but from other and sufficient evidence. You know yourself that I have said the truth."

"Mr. Reed is one of my parishioners," said Mr. Cope, "and I think you might have left me to deal with him alone. I mean no disrespect to you, Mr. Harte; but you will understand my feelings if you reflect."

"Certainly; I ought to have apologised for my interference, but I could not allow etiquette to stand in the way of peace-making; and, under the circumstance, I hardly thought you would have wished it. But enough! I have brought your parishioner to

you, and will now leave you alone with him to improve the opportunity. Good morning," and with these words Mr. Harte left the room.

After he was gone, Mr. Cope took two or three turns up and down the apartment without speaking. "How came Mr. Harte to be mixed up with this?" he asked at length; "why did you bring him with you?"

"It was he who brought me," Mr. Reed answered, impatiently.

"If you had come alone, in the usual way, to consult me, I might, perhaps, have been able to advise you."

"I don't want your advice; I am not come now to make any confession to you. On the contrary, I require an explanation from you; my wife says that her lips are sealed, and that you alone can open them. If you were a priest of her communion I could understand that there might be confidences between you, from which I might properly be excluded. I don't know whether it ought to be so, but so much is allowed. But though you may claim for yourself equal authority with a priest of the Romish Church, Mrs. Reed does not admit or acknowledge such a claim. You have, therefore, no right to impose any trust upon her which I may not share. By doing so you have caused her great embarrassment and misery, and have, I fear, brought the happiness of her life and mine to irretrievable ruin."

"Have patience; all will be explained in due time."

"Due time is now—this moment. Why should you postpone it? I fear it is useless to argue with you; but I entreat—I implore you to take away this veil of mystery which, by some strange influence, you have spread out between my wife and myself. If there be really any secret to tell, tell it me; I will promise by all that is sacred to keep confidence."

"I have said already," Mr. Cope replied, in a low voice, faltering a little in spite of all his efforts to the contrary; "I have said already that I have nothing to disclose. Mrs. Reed can tell you anything she pleases, and you may believe as much as you think proper; I can tell you nothing."

"Am I to take that message to my wife from you?"

"No, certainly not. If I had any communication to make to Mrs. Reed of the kind you imagine, it would not be by the lips of any third person."

"You speak as if you were her father confessor. If it be true that you have stood in that relation towards her, you may at least tell me one thing: has she acknowledged you as such? Has she, in a word, joined our Church?"

"No."

"Have you joined hers?"

The words were thrown out on the impulse of the moment; they were uttered without thought; the antithesis had suggested them rather than any distinct conception of their meaning; but the bow drawn at a venture sent the arrow home. Mr. Cope started and turned hastily away. Mr. Reed observed the movement, and at the same instant the truth flashed into his mind.

"Tell me," he repeated—"nay, I need not ask; I have your secret now! This—this explains all; how blind! how cruel! how unjust I have been! And you—you—you would have left me to my error, driven me from my home, ruined a high-souled woman's happiness and reputation; and this under

the name of religion, and for your own selfish ends!"

"Stop one moment," Mr. Cope exclaimed, grasping Mr. Reed at the same time by the arm. "Do not go forth in this temper!" He was pale as death, and spoke with difficulty. "Be careful! you know not what you are saying; I have told you nothing. If you repeat these things in public you may have to answer for the consequences. I have made no admissions."

"I ask for none; I trust my own thoughts rather than your word; you cannot blind me now;" so saying, he broke away from him and hastened out of the house.

Mr. Harte was waiting in the street, and linked his arm in his as he came hastily down the steps, slamming the door after him.

"What have you done?" he asked, anxiously; for he could see by his friend's heightened colour and flashing eye that he was very much excited.

"I have found him out; I will expose him!"

"What is it? Calm yourself; we are in the streets, remember: we may be observed."

"Come home with me and I will tell you this secret." Then, as they were hurrying along, unable to contain himself, he broke out, "That man is a—Lintel!"

"A what?"

"Lintel; Lintel, of Eitherside; don't you remember? The man who held a living in the English Church, and went on officiating as vicar of an English parish years after he had joined the Church of Rome."

"I recollect; but surely you are mistaken: that cannot be the case with Alban Cope!"

"It is so; I am certain of it."

"Has he acknowledged it?"

"No; but I charged him with it, and he was confused. His look, his manner, even his words, betrayed him."

"This, then, is his secret! Yet I cannot believe it!"

"Come home with me; we shall learn more about it there."

They went on in silence. The door of the house was open, and Biddy's face was visible, peering anxiously up and down the street: it disappeared the moment she caught sight of them, and they entered.

Mrs. Reed was in the room where they had left her. Biddy had told her they were coming, and she had just risen from the sofa and was standing up, her eyes swollen with weeping, her whole aspect pitiable and anxious. In a moment Mr. Reed had caught her in his arms.

"Oh, Margarita," he cried, "can you forgive me?"

She was sobbing hysterically, and could not at first answer. "Forgive!" she said at length, "forgive! 'Tis I who should ask forgiveness."

"No, no! I have behaved shamefully; I was so horribly vexed and out of temper. I thought you had ceased to trust me and to care for me, and I said things which none but a madman could have spoken to you. But I have never wronged you for a moment in my thoughts, dearest. It was the excess of my love for you that caused the vehemence of my feeling."

"I believe everything you tell me: I trust you with all my heart. Oh that I could deserve the same confidence from you! Oh that I could tell you everything without reserve!"

"It is unnecessary, I know all: henceforth there will be no secrets between us. I have just seen Mr. Cope."

"And he has told you—?"

"He is a Roman Catholic; that explains everything."

She said not another word, but rested on his bosom, weeping quietly tears of unutterable relief.

Mr. Harte stood for a few moments witnessing this scene; there was no more for him to do now, and he turned to leave the room. Mr. Reed motioned to him to remain.

"I will come again," he said, "whenever you want me; I had better go now."

Mrs. Reed raised her head and looked at him full of gratitude, but could not speak.

"Soon—come soon," said Mr. Reed; "we shall both of us want to see you."

The rector nodded assent, and left them.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A HOME TRUTH.

"Change but the name, of thee the tale is told."—*Horace.*

WE return for a short time to the home in Ireland which Margarita Carroll quitted, now nearly four years ago, to be joined to a husband. Miss Egan has been living there almost alone, occupying herself with works of charity and mercy, visiting the sick and poor, of which latter there were always a great many in the neighbouring villages, and sometimes receiving a visitor, generally a priest or a "sister," or some other emissary of her Church. These were always sure of a hearty welcome, and of even more substantial help if they required it. At first Miss Egan had been in the habit of writing to her niece on the first day of every month. She was very methodical in her habits, and had a high sense of duty; and although she would sometimes complain sadly that this child, whom she had nourished and brought up, had rebelled against her, yet she did not fail to watch over her with motherly interest, always expecting and perhaps hoping that the time would arrive when she would find it impossible to live any longer with her heretic husband, and would return to her own protection.

Miss Egan loved her niece very much; and having educated her from a little child under her own roof, and chiefly by her own personal instruction, she had, as she thought, imbued her with her own almost fanatical devotion to the Church of Rome. It had been one of the most dearly cherished objects of her life to convert the house in which she dwelt into a convent, for which it was said to have been originally intended. She had hoped to see her niece Margarita installed there as lady-superior or abbess. Then, in a good old age, she might herself have departed, if not in the odour of sanctity, at least in the assurance of having done a great and good work, and of perpetual masses to be said for her soul; and Mary Cross would have remained a lasting monument of her own piety, and a tower of strength to the Church, throughout all generations. By the marriage of her niece with a Protestant, it seemed at first that all this would be changed. Miss Egan found herself called upon to choose, in the disposal of her property, between the world and the Church. If it should come to pass that Mr. Reed, won over by the influence and example of his wife, should join the Church of Rome, all might yet be well; but if, on the contrary, her niece should be persuaded to

forsake the faith in which she had been so carefully brought up (and Miss Egan was not without misgivings on this head, for reasons which the reader can appreciate), then it was her firm resolve that she should inherit nothing from her. "The heretics," she said to herself, and to others also—"the heretics shall never have Mary Cross."

The birth of Mrs. Reed's first child, a daughter, destined to be educated in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, had given a new turn to Miss Egan's speculations, and had filled her with fresh hopes. The little Mary, named after herself, and her own godchild, would, she trusted, in due time choose that good part which her mother had refused, and in her all the pious aspirations which Miss Egan had cherished for so many years might yet be realised. After the christening of this child the good lady had made a new will, devising her real estate to Mary Reed, upon certain conditions by means of which she intended to secure it ultimately to the Church, and leaving what little personality she possessed to Mrs. Reed for her lifetime. After that the correspondence by letter between aunt and niece became more frequent for a time, but dropped off as the latter found home cares and occupations increasing upon her, and subsided at length into the usual monthly letter and reply.

Even this had failed lately. Miss Egan had heard nothing from Halford Quay for nearly six weeks. Her last letter had remained unanswered, and this, coupled with the fact that several previous letters from Mrs. Reed had been shorter than usual, and that all mention of religious subjects in them had been avoided, had caused Miss Egan a great deal of anxiety. She had been thinking over this one morning, and was wearying herself with many conjectures, when her meditations were interrupted by the sound of carriage-wheels under her window, and presently afterwards Father Gehagan was announced. He met her with a grave look, and she could see at once that he had come to her about business, and that of no light or unimportant kind.

"Have you heard anything from Halford Quay lately?" was his first question.

"No; I was wondering—Have you?"

"I have; and I am sorry to say the accounts I have received are very disquieting."

"Mrs. Reed is not ill, I hope?"

"Her bodily health is sound, so far as I know; but her soul is in danger. At least I fear so: she is weak and faltering in the faith—forgetful of her duty to Holy Mother Church, and to those who so faithfully watched over her and instructed her in youth. She has been exposed to great temptations, it is true, and has been left too much to herself."

Miss Egan's heart became as a stone. Anxious as she was to know the truth, she dared not ask a question.

"It may not be yet too late," the priest went on. "We must do our best to recover the lost sheep, and then take better care of her. We shall have a church soon at Halford Quay, I hope. Has Mrs. Reed never written to you on that subject?"

"Never."

"It is a bad sign. We hoped she would have been very zealous in promoting it; and I am sure you would have helped her."

"What have you heard?" Miss Egan asked at length. "How long has this been going on?"

"More or less, for some considerable time, I fear.

You remember Pat Houragan telling you that he had seen her in a Protestant church at a harvest festival? I did not think much of that; but I believe now it was the beginning of the mischief. I wonder, however, that I have never had a line from her servant Bridget. I charged her to write to me if anything went wrong. Thanks to your care of her and Mrs. Reed's, she could write better than most girls of her class, and I felt sure I could depend upon her."

"Who has written now?"

"A member of our Church who lives at Halford Quay." The reader will understand that Mr. Cope was the informant. "She has been seen at one of the low Protestant churches lately, and seems to have given up going to Peterstowe entirely."

Miss Egan groaned inwardly. "What is to be done?" she exclaimed. "I would go to her at once if I thought it would be of any avail; but to speak truth, I have very little hope. This is what I have dreaded and anticipated ever since that unhallowed match was first spoken of. It is her mother's story over again. Poor child—poor child! The sins of the parents are visited upon the children. It is the taint of heresy inborn, breaking out in spite of all our care. And so it may go on—to the third and fourth generation. Alas! alas!"

"I think if you could undertake the journey, you would have more influence with her than any one else, but I cannot ask you to do so at this time of the year. I have business in London, and must cross over in the course of three or four days; of course I will go and see Mrs. Reed, but that would not be the same thing as your visit, especially as I should have to hurry away again directly."

"I will go with you," said Miss Egan; "nothing that is in my power to do shall be left undone. There is the daughter, too, my little namesake, Mary, she must be seen to. If matters are as bad as I fear they may be, it will perhaps be desirable to bring the child back here with me. Yes, I will go with you."

"I think you are right," said the priest. "You will be satisfied, at all events, that you have done your duty, and will know what course to adopt afterwards."

It was arranged that they should meet at Dublin a few days later, and cross over to Holyhead together, preferring a long railway journey to a long sea passage; and then Father Gehagan took his leave.

It was soon noised abroad that Miss Egan was about to leave home for Halford Quay. An event so unusual, following closely upon Father Gehagan's visit, did not fail to give rise to much speculation. "Mrs. Reed was ill;" "Mrs. Reed's husband was driving her over to his own Church;" "He had ill-treated her, and even turned her out of doors, for the sake of her faith—why wouldn't he? the Protestant heretic!" Such rumours as these were circulated in the servants' hall and found general acceptance. Pat Houragan came to the house as soon as the news had reached Ballykilleena, and stood in the passage listening to all that was said, and waiting for some one to notice him.

"Whisht! then," he said, at length, thrusting his great head and shoulders into the room, "sure there's not a word of truth at all at all in what you're talking. Would Bridget Doyle stand by, d'ye think, and see her mistress ill-trayed? Sorra a one of her! Nor it isn't Mr. Reed that would do that same, aven if he

dared, with Biddy near. And didn't I see the young mistress meself, last harvest-time, and she as brisk and well as ever I seen her in her lifetime? But bring me to the mistress, some of ye, and tell her I must spake a word wid her this night, before she starts away to-morrow morning. Sure I've come all the way from Ballykilleena a-foot on purpose."

Pat Houragan's remonstrance did not prevail to alter the general conviction that poor Mrs. Reed was being persecuted by her husband for righteousness' sake. It was a long time before he could persuade any one to carry his message to Miss Egan; but he was taken up into the entrance-hall at last, and there Miss Egan came and spoke to him. He had a message for Bridget. Miss Egan would be sure to see Bridget; would she tell her that Pat was going on all right? Never since that day when he drank the bride's health—never since that day—up his throat nor down it, neither sitting nor standing, neither in the house nor out of it, had he tasted beer or spirits; never since then had he been overtaken—how should he? Sure that was the truth, as everybody who knew him could say, let alone Mistress Egan herself, which was better than all the rest of them put together. If Miss Egan would only spake a word to Biddy for him, sure an inch of her tongue would be better than a mile of anybody else's. So would she tell Biddy that never since that day, etc.: sure he wouldn't tell a lie to save his life; and that was the plain truth, anny way.

"Did you take the pledge again, Pat, after you had broken it that day?" Miss Egan asked.

"Sure I never broke it wanst, miss; never in me life. I wouldn't demane meself to go against me word."

"I have heard all about it," she replied. "It was a poor trick you made use of to evade your oath. You were overtaken all the same, and that was the thing you had pledged yourself to guard against."

"I was, miss. Thru for you; but I didn't break me word over it, now, did I?"

"Just as bad, Pat. You know very well that when you took the pledge you did not mean to get out of it in that way. A promise is a promise, and a lie is a lie, whether spoken or acted. You must see that, I think, if you look fairly at it."

"Sure, then, there's many a lie acted as nobody thinks any harm of at all at all."

Miss Egan felt a sudden pang at her heart as Pat Houragan said those words. The thought of her own duplicity in the matter of Margarita's Bible struck her suddenly. What right had she to stand there lecturing this poor simple-minded labourer on a question of truth and sincerity? Had she not herself conspired, and that with the consent and connivance of her trusted priest, to evade the most solemn promise that any one could make to another—the pledge given to a dying sister on behalf of her orphan child? "Thou art more righteous than I," she said, turning away suddenly, and leaving him.

Pat waited in the corridor for some minutes, fearing he had said something to offend the mistress; but she returned presently and spoke very gently and kindly to him.

"I'll carry your message, Pat," she said, "and do my best for you. Bridget may trust you, I am sure; but I don't think she will want to leave her mistress just yet."

"Sure, ma'am, I'll be thru and honest wid her all the days of me life. I promised her I would upon

me knees, afther she was gone that day; more by token, no one seen nor heard me but meself, and no one shall ever say I told a lie about it, nor acted one neyther. So bring her back wid ye, Misthress Egan, if you can persuade her annyhow."

And with that Pat Houragan pulled out a little bag with five sovereigns in it, the savings of many a week and month, and would have persuaded Miss Egan to take it from him for Biddy's journey home. He had more at home, he said, "besides the pig (a beauty); for he could earn as much and do with as little as any man in Ireland, now that he never touched the craythur; which never since that day, etc."

The next morning Miss Egan started for Dublin on her way to Halford Quay. Pat Houragan watched for her in the avenue, and ran after her, waving his hat for luck, and wishing her long life and a good journey there and back.

THE STONE AGE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

I.

SOON, it would seem, the opening pages of our school manuals and popular histories of Britain will begin with records of man in our island far back beyond the times of the Gaels and the Cimbri. No longer will the Arch-Druid, with golden sickle, amid groves of oak, appear as the first human figure in the dim historic twilight. In the hands of the geologist and archaeologist, the materials are fast accumulating for an earlier chapter in the history of Britain, and soon, perhaps, we shall see even in our common historical text-books as the earliest forms which emerge from the darkness the mysterious men of the Stone Age, the contemporaries of the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros in Britain.

But there are those who ask, "What is this mysterious Stone Age, of which, in late years, we have heard so much? When was it, and where was it, this mysterious age of flint knives and hatchets? this period of which we have no record in our written histories? What are the evidences of the Stone Age, and how may we read them?" We will try, in the course of a few pages, to answer these questions. Although the vista which leads us back from the Victorian to the early Stone Age is by no means continuous and uninterrupted, we shall often find an unexpected light breaking in upon the darkness.

Historic times in Britain are linked to the Stone Age by the tumuli or burial-mounds, the rude stone circles, and huge defensive earthworks of early British tribes, which remain among us unto this day. We find such remains abundantly in various parts of our island. We see them in Wiltshire, at Silbury Hill, Stonehenge, Avebury, and the Wansdyke, where their strange lines and contours, rising against the horizon, lend a mysterious interest and charm to the landscape. In the north of Scotland the traveller's eye is caught by the rude "bee-hive houses" of ancient date, and the semi-subterranean Picts' houses and "weems" of the district. In the Orkney Islands alone as many as two thousand tumuli remain to link us with the Stone Age in Britain.

But the Stone Age takes us back still further than the times of the tumuli, cromlechs, pit-dwellings, and earthworks. We travel back to a period so remote that no structures built by human hands remain to

commemorate it. The remains of the flint folk of this period are nowhere found on the surface of the ground; they are dug up beneath the solid rocky floors of caves, or found deep in the ground, overlain by the accumulated gravel-beds of old rivers, long since laid dry. It is by the stone implements found beneath cave-floors and in old river-gravels, and by these implements alone, that man is traced beyond the age of the cromlechs and tumuli back to geologic times, when the physical features of our island were as yet in their rudiments, and when, perhaps, Britain was not yet severed from the Continent.

Now that the earlier controversies about the Stone Age have subsided, the following conclusions make it possible for us to treat the subject on ground common to both parties. I. Flint implements have afforded us new evidences of the existence of prehistoric man. II. In a limited area, as in Britain, the succession of stone, bronze, and iron, as materials for implements, marks successive stages of civilisation, and is thus some measure of the lapse of past time within that area. III. The geological position in which one class of these implements is found is in itself a separate and valid testimony to their comparative age.

After more than half a century of researches in prehistoric grave-mounds and other burial-places, and a lesser period devoted to bone-caverns and river-beds, resulting in the discovery of a vast number of implements in iron, bronze, and stone, archaeologists have concurred in dividing the prehistoric human period in Western Europe into four stages. Beginning with the earliest relics yet known, the following is their classification:—

I. The drift-gravel, or Old River period. At this time man shared the possession of Britain with the mammoth, the cave-bear, the woolly rhinoceros, and other animals of extinct species. This is called, with relation to the implements found within it, the Palæolithic, or Old Stone Age.

II. The Later, or Polished Stone Age, a period characterised by beautiful weapons and instruments of flint and other kinds of stone, in which we find no trace of any metal except gold, which seems to have been sometimes used for ornament. This is also called the Neolithic, or Newer Stone Age.

III. The Bronze Age, in which bronze was used for arms and cutting instruments of all kinds.

IV. The Iron Age, in which iron had superseded bronze for arms, axes, knives, etc., bronze, however, being still in common use for ornaments.

The Iron Age is supposed to go back to about the Christian era, the Bronze Age to embrace a period of one or two thousand years prior to that date, and the Stone Age all the previous time of man's occupation of Europe. Not that such a classification into successive periods implies that each period was closed before the other opened. The end of one period must have overlapped the beginning of the next, and thus the two kinds of weapons and implements co-existed for a time together. "Like the three principal colours of the rainbow, these three stages of civilisation overlap, intermingle, and shade off the one into the other, and yet their succession appears to be equally well defined as that of the prismatic colours."

THE NEOLITHIC AGE.

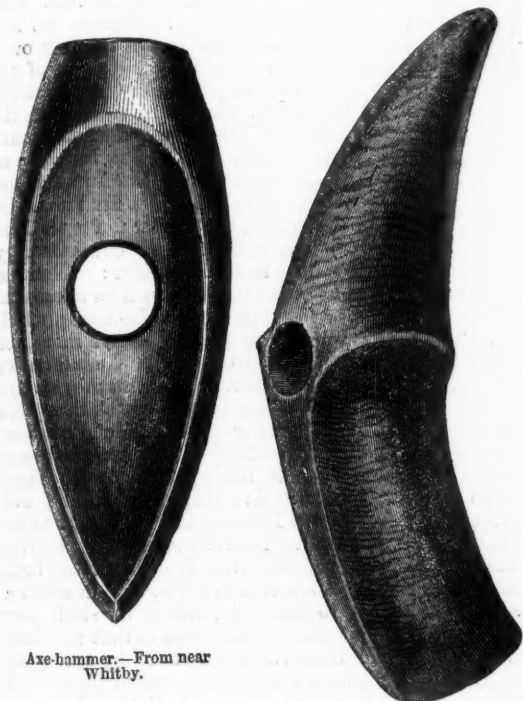
Going back, then, from the Age of Iron, and over-leaping the Bronze Age, which was dying out in the time of Homer, and is represented in many of our

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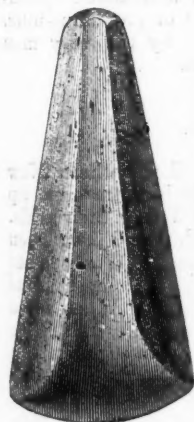
Celt
fluted)

later Wiltshire and Yorkshire barrows by bronze relics of beautiful workmanship, we arrive at the Later Stone, or Neolithic Age. The weapons, implements, and ornaments of the Later Stone Age are found on the surface of the ground. They are not embedded in geological accumulations, an important point in the chronology of the subject, as will afterwards appear. They are discovered in barrows, and on the sites of ancient encampments and rude habitations. The accompanying illustrations will give some idea of the high standard of excellence and skill in workmanship attained by the men of the Second Stone Age, whose tools were simply of wood and stone.



Axe-hammer.—From near Whitby.

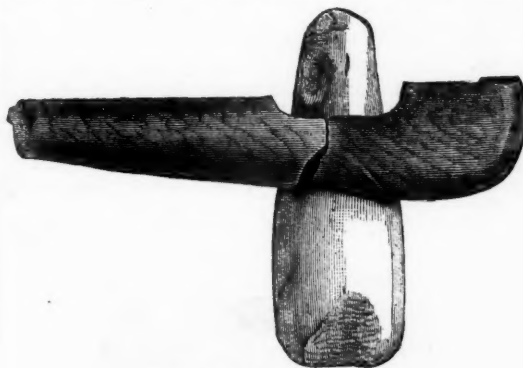
Axe of Greenstone.—From Guernsey.



Celt of Basalt (deeply fluted).—From Guernsey.

The best known implement of the Later, or Polished Stone Age, is the celt (Latin *celtis*, or *celtes*, a chisel). These celts, or stone hatchets, are made out of flint, clay-slate, porphyry, serpentine, greenstone, and other hard rocks. They are ground to an edge, often have numerous facets on the same implement, and have a perfectly smooth and polished surface. Nothing can exceed the beauty of shape and the skill and dexterity with which thousands of these celts have been finished by the workmen who formed them. It is unnecessary to ask for what purpose these celts were used. "Almost as well ask," says a distinguished archaeologist, "to what purpose they were not applied."

According to the way in which they were mounted, these celts served as axes, hatchets, or adzes; unhafted, they served as wedges, chisels, or knives. The purposes they served were as various as the needs of man. "Infinite as are our instruments, who would attempt at present to say what was the use of a knife? But the man of the Stone Age had no such choice of tools; we see before us in these celts,



From a Peat-bed in Cumberland.

perhaps, the whole contents of his workshop; and with these weapons, rude as they seem to us, he may have cut down trees, scooped them out into canoes, grubbed up roots, killed animals and enemies, cut up

his food, made holes in winter through the ice, prepared firewood, and built huts."

Next to the celts of this Polished Stone Age we might dilate on the pointed picks, hand-chisels, and gouges of stone; the perforated axes of flint, some sharp at both ends, others expanding at one end, and adze-like in character; some to be used as hoes, and



From Switzerland.



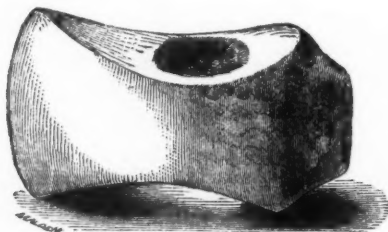
From Switzerland (in stag-horn socket).

others as heavy battle-axes. Next comes a class of hammers and hammer-stones, the latter probably used for pounding grain in mortars, as well as hand-

querns like those lately in use in various parts of England. These are followed by flint scrapers, borers, awls, drills, and knives.

Thus, although the Polished Stone Age has left us no literature, it has bequeathed to us abundant and interesting memorials. In addition to the relics we have mentioned, lance-heads and pins and needles of bone are often found in tumuli; spindle-wheels, too, are found, telling us of the existence of a branch of domestic industry among this prehistoric people which would not otherwise have become known to us. The personal ornaments of the period are also known, and are found to consist of jet, shale, and amber. The simplest form of ornament is the button, or stud (of jet or shale), not seldom found in Yorkshire barrows of early date. After these, in barrows of a later period, come the necklaces of jet, amber, and bone.

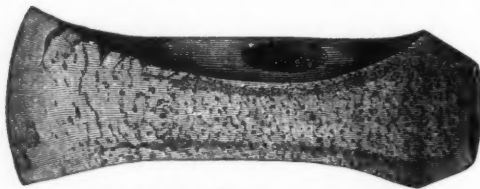
Few, if any, are there of the districts of England



Axe-hammer of Greenstone (Dorchester).

—especially those of the chalk formation—in which the holiday Rambler and archæologist may not soon add some memorial of the Second Stone Age to his stores. On the surface of ploughed fields, on flint-heaps by the wayside, on the downs of the south and the wolds of the north; in the dredging barges of the Thames and other rivers; from moor and fen, heath and highway; when the eye has once been quickened to discriminate one stone from another, these relics of our prehistoric ancestors are found. More recognisable as works of manufacture, and not buried by geological accumulations like the implements of the Early Stone Age, they have been noticed, collected, preserved, and prized alike by peasants and archæologists long before their true place in human history was clearly understood.

A considerable period of prehistoric time in Britain



Axe-hammer of Syenite (Stourton, Wilts).

must have been represented by the Polished Stone Age. The evidence for this belief is afforded by the number and variety of the implements, and their association with grave-mounds and other monuments of different dates. The Polished Stone Age stands off definitely from historic times in Britain. The question as to what preceded it is one in which geology must be called to our aid.

H. W.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

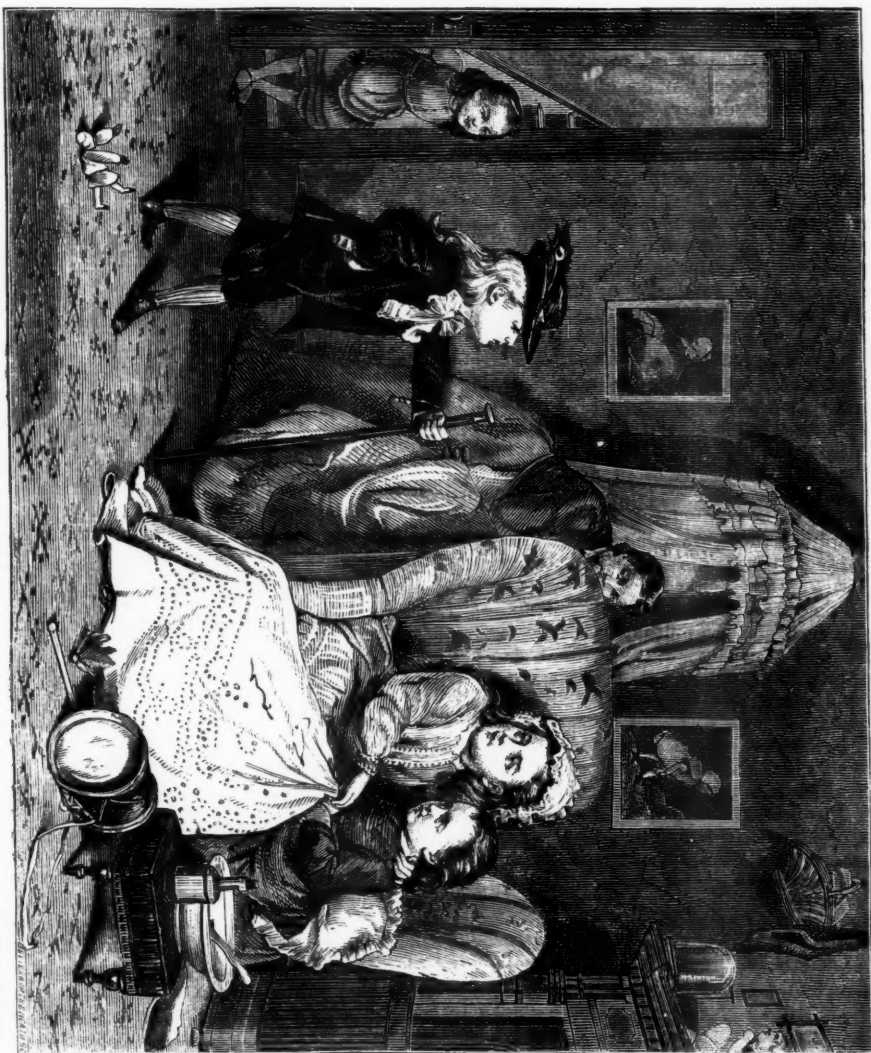
THE FUR-SEAL.

A NATIVE of Mangaia one day came running to me saying that Satan had just landed on the northern coast of the island. He was quite sure of it, for he had seen a black, shaggy creature rise out of the sea and land on the reef. I was much amused, and for a time could not make out what had really occurred. But another native fishing on the reef, who had some experience in the Arctic, happened also to see this marine animal, and recognised it as a fur-seal. Procuring a club, he contrived to get between the seal and the ocean, and succeeded in knocking it over. The flesh was eaten, and some caps made of the skin. The natives had no name for this mammal, proving that it had not previously been seen on the island. It is remarkable that this seal should have found its way from the Antarctic ice so far north as lat. $21^{\circ} 57' S$. Commodore Byron, one hundred and thirty-five years ago, brought home from Tinian Island, in the North Pacific, a fine skull of a sea-lion. An able writer on sea-lions, in the "Contemporary Review" for December last (p. 41), says: "Now, no seal or sea-lion has ever been so much as alluded to as existing at the Philippines or the Ladrões, which is, I think, strong evidence that none live there, for all the old voyagers used to touch at Guam, one of the latter group, and wherever they went they always mentioned the seals, if they found any, as they were useful to them in so many ways, as for food, leather, and oil. I imagine, therefore, that Byron must have brought this skull from the opposite coast, either from Patagonia, where his ship, the *Wager*, was wrecked, or from Juan Fernandez." It seems to me that the incident I have referred to entirely removes the difficulty. I suppose that it would have been about as easy for a sea-lion to get to Tinian as for a stray seal to get to Mangaia, where its skull now lies. Another possible explanation is that the skull in question had been conveyed there by travelling natives. On the island of Tamana, one of the Gilbert group, I once saw the skull of a stranded sperm-whale worshipped with offerings of pandanus-nuts. The carcass had been devoured by the very men who made these propitiatory gifts.

THE SEA-HORSE.

Two natives of Fate, one of the southern New Hebrides, on the occasion of their baptism gave up to the teacher, who was named Toma, their gods. These gods, to which daily worship had long been offered, were simply *dried* sea-horses. Who has not admired the graceful movements of the hippocampus in the Brighton and other aquariums? When alive it can neither benefit nor harm any one, much less when dead. But so strong is the instinct of worship in the human heart, that it will seek out some object, however absurd, on which to trust. A man will not worship his neighbour's god, as it is supposed that that divinity will have enough to do to take care of *him*. He wants a god all to himself. Thus is "their foolish heart darkened." Both these sea-horses are in my possession.

W. WYATT GILL.



By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas.]

THE LITTLE DOCTOR.

[By H. Crawford.]

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ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

November.

NOVEMBER is the gloomiest month of the year, and in our climate generally bears the worst character; for, in addition to the prevalence of fogs—those solid-looking compounds of moisture—the days are short and dreary, the sky is nearly always overhung with a dark mantle of heavy leaden clouds, and torrents of cold rain often prevail for several days together, not unfrequently combined with a succession of high winds. On this account our Saxon ancestors named the month *Wint-monath*, that is, *Wind-month*, *Wint* being the Saxon word for wind; and *Verstegan* tells us, that it was the custom for sailors to abandon their seafaring life, and to remain at home until more genial and favourable weather enticed them forth again. It was also called *Blot-monath*—i.e., *Blood-month*, because the cattle which were now killed in abundance for winter store were dedicated to their gods; or, what seems more probable yet, says Soane, from the quantity of blood that was shed at this season in the slaughter of so many animals.

The 1st day of November was dedicated, we learn from Vallancey, to the angel presiding over fruits, seeds, etc., and was therefore named *La Mas Ubhal*—that is, the day of the apple fruit; and being pronounced *Lamasool*, the name has been corrupted to *Lambswool*, a name given to a composition made on Allhallows Eve of roasted apples, sugar, and ale.

All Saints' Day (1st November) is the festival of those saints to whom, on account of their numbers, particular days could not be allotted in their individual honour. It was formerly observed, as well as its vigil, by a feast, of which apples, nuts, and lambswool were deemed indispensable ingredients. A custom called *souling* is still practised in some places. In Shropshire,* we learn it is customary for the village children to go round to all their neighbours, collecting contributions, at the same time singing the following doggerel:—

"Soul! soul! for a soul-cake;
Pray, good mistress, for a soul-cake.
One for Peter, and two for Paul,
Three for them who made us all.

Soul! soul! for an apple or two;
If you've got no apples, pears will do.
Up with your kettle, and down with your pan,
Give me a good big one, and I'll be gone.

Soul! soul! for a soul-cake, etc.

An apple or pear, a plum or a cherry,
Is a very good thing to make us merry."

The soul-cake referred to is a kind of bun, which at one time it was an almost universal custom for persons to make, to give to one another on this day. Formerly, at Great Marton, in Lancashire, there

was a sort of procession of young people from house to house, at each of which they recited or sang psalms, and in return received presents of cakes, whence the custom usually went by the name of "Psalm-caking." Among the ancient Welsh this day was considered as the conclusion of summer, and was celebrated with bonfires, accompanied with various merry-makings thought suitable to the occasion. In Ireland it is customary to place lighted candles in the windows of houses on the evening of this day, and a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" (3rd Series, vol. i. p. 446) tells us that when travelling along a country road where farm-houses and cottages are numerous, the effect is quite picturesque on a dark November night.

All Souls' Day (November 2nd) is a festival set apart by the Roman Catholic Church for the repose of the dead. Formerly, persons on this anniversary dressed in black went round the different towns, ringing a loud and dismal-toned bell at the corner of every street, at the same time calling upon the inhabitants to remember the souls of the deceased who were suffering penance in purgatory, and to join in prayers for their repose. Brand tells us that it was in days gone by usual for the wealthy people in Herefordshire and Lancashire to dispense oaten cakes, called *Soul-mass cakes*, to the poor, who, upon receiving them, repeated the following couplet in acknowledgment:—

"God have your soul,
Beens and all."

In Scotland, too, in the county of Aberdeen, we learn that baked cakes, called "Dirge-loaf," are given away on All Souls' Day to those who may chance to visit the house where they are made.

The 5th of November, the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, is not observed by the populace with nearly so much enthusiasm and festive diversion as in former times. Indeed, the burning of a "good guy" was a scene of uproar perhaps almost unknown to the present day. The bonfire, for example, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, appears to have been conducted on a very grand and extensive scale. It was made at the corner of Great Queen Street, immediately opposite Newcastle House. Hone tells us how fuel came all day long in carts properly guarded against surprise, and that on certain occasions as many as two hundred cart-loads were brought to make and feed this bonfire. The butchers of Clare Market were also in the habit of celebrating this observance in a somewhat peculiar manner. One of their body, personating Guy Fawkes, being seated in a cart, with a prayer-book in his hand, and a priest, executioner, etc., attending, was drawn through the streets, as if on his way to execution, while a select party, with marrow-bones and cleavers, led the way, and others solicited money from the inhabitants and spectators.

* "Notes and Queries," 1st Series, vol. iv. p. 381.

The sums thus obtained were generally spent at night in jollity and carousing.* As a measure of precaution the vaults under the Houses of Parliament are now duly searched in case of a repetition of what proved so nearly disastrous. The following extract is taken from the "Evening Standard" (February 5th, 1875):—"This morning at ten o'clock the Yeomen of the Guard (Beef-Eaters) made their usual search before the meeting of Parliament for any barrels of gunpowder that might be stowed away in the vaults under the Houses of Parliament." In London, and in some parts of the country, differing according to the locality, the following well-known and time-honoured rhyme is sung:—

"Pray remember
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder Treason and Plot;
For I know no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.
Hollo, boys! Hurrah!"

A very old custom prevails in the West Riding of Yorkshire of preparing against this anniversary a kind of oatmeal gingerbread, and of religiously partaking of the same on this and subsequent days. The local name of it is *Parkin*, and it is usually seen in the form of massive loaves, substantial cakes, or bannocks.†

In the parish of Lymm, Cheshire, it is customary, for a week or ten days before the 5th of November, for the skeleton of a horse's head, dressed up with ribbons, etc., having glass eyes inserted in the sockets, and mounted on a short pole by way of handle, to be carried by a man underneath covered with a horse-cloth. There is generally a chain attached to the nose, which is held by a second man, and they are attended by several others. In houses to which they are able to gain admission, they go through some kind of performance, the man with the chain telling the horse to rear, open its mouth, etc. The object of course is to obtain money. The horse will sometimes seize persons, and hold them fast till they pay for being set free; but he is generally very peaceable, for, in case of any resistance being offered, his companions generally take to flight and leave the poor horse to fight it out (Notes and Queries, 1st S., vol. i. p. 258). At Lewes, on the 5th of November, a great torchlight procession, composed of men dressed up in fantastic garbs and with blackened faces, and dragging blazing tar-barrels after them, parade the High street, while an enormous bonfire is lighted, into which, when at its height, various effigies are cast. Unfortunately the day's festivities not unfrequently terminate in a general uproar and scene of confusion.

In Oxfordshire, says Halliwell (Popular Rhymes, 1849, p. 253), the following song is chanted by the boys when collecting sticks for the bonfire, and it is considered quite lawful to appropriate any old wood they can lay their hands on after reciting it. If it happen that any one prevents them, the threatening *finale* is too often fulfilled:—

"The fifth of November,
Since I can remember,
Gunpowder Treason and Plot;
This was the day the plot was contriv'd,
To blow up the King and Parliament alive;

But God's mercy did prevent
To save our King and his Parliament.
A stick and a stake
For King James' sake!
If you won't give me one,
I'll take two,
The better for me,
And the worse for you."

Lord Mayor's Day (November 9th) was once a grand civic festival and pageant; the triumphs and glories of which, performed by giants, extolled by laureates, and recorded by historians, are but dimly and faintly shadowed forth, says Smith (Festivals, p. 157), in the comparatively meagre pomp of modern celebrations, and with which most of our readers are no doubt well acquainted. To describe, however, those of former ages would require far more space than can be given here; but, nevertheless, some idea of their general character may be formed from the following brief sketch. The first account of this annual exhibition known to have been published, was written by George Peele for the inauguration of Sir Wolstone Dixie, Knight, on the 29th of October, 1585. On that occasion, as was then customary, there were dramatic representations in the procession of an allegorical character. Children, we are told, were dressed to personify the city, magnanimity, loyalty, science, the country, and the River Thames. They also represented sailors, soldiers, nymphs, with appropriate speeches. On Sir Thomas Middleton's mayoralty, in the year 1613, the solemnity is described as unparalleled for the cost, art, and magnificence of the shows, pageants, chariots, morning, noon, and night triumphs. In 1655 the city pageants, after a discontinuance of about fourteen years, were revived. Edmund Gayton, the author of the description for that year, says that "our metropolis, for these pageants, was as famous and renowned in foreign nations as for its faith, wealth, and valour." In the show of 1659, an European, an Egyptian, and a Persian were personated. On Lord Mayor's Day, 1671, the King, Queen, and Duke of York, and most of the nobility being present, there were "sundry shows, shapes, scenes, speeches, and songs in part," and in 1672 and 1673, when the King again graced the triumphs. The King, Queen, and Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, foreign ambassadors, the chief nobility and Secretary of State, were at the celebration of the Lord Mayor's Day in 1674, when there "were emblematical figures, artful pieces of architecture, and rural dancing, with pieces spoken on each pageant." On the alteration of the style, the swearing in of the Lord Mayor, and the accompanying show, which had been on the 29th of October, were changed to the 9th of November. The speeches in the pageants were generally composed by the city poet, an officer of the corporation, with an annual salary, who provided a printed description for the members of the corporation before the day. Settle, the last city poet, wrote the last pamphlet intended to describe the Lord Mayor's show—Sir Charles Duncombe's, in 1708—but the death of the Prince of Denmark the day before prevented the exhibition. The last Lord Mayor who rode on horseback at his mayoralty was Sir Gilbert Heathcote in the reign of Queen Anne (Hone's "Every-Day Book"). The banquet in Guildhall is now the great feature of the day. The whole of the cabinet ministers are invited, and their speeches after dinner

* "Sports, Pastimes, and Customs of London," 1847, p. 39.
† "Notes and Queries," 2nd Series, vol. iv. p. 303.

are expected to explain the policy of their government. The cost of this feast, says a correspondent of the "Book of Days," "is estimated at £2,500. Half of this sum is paid by the mayor, the other half is divided between the two sheriffs. The annual expense connected with the office of mayor is over £25,000. To meet this there is an income of about £8,000. Other sums accrue from fines and taxes; but it is expected, and is indeed necessary, that the mayor and sheriffs expend considerable sums from their own purses during the year of office, the mayor seldom parting with less than £10,000."

St. Martin's Day (November 11th) was formerly a day of feasting and jollity—a custom prevailing everywhere, Brand tells us, of killing cows, oxen, swine, etc., at this season, which were cured for the winter, when fresh provisions were seldom or never to be had. Thus, in Tusser's "Husbandry," we read:—

"When Easter comes, who knows not then,
That veal and bacon is the man?
And Martilmass beef doth bear good tack
When country folk do dainties lack."

St. Martin's Day upon the Norway clogs, or wooden almanacks, is marked with a goose; and on that day they always feasted on a goose, because, as tradition says, St. Martin on being elected to a bishopric, hid himself, but was discovered by that bird. From Barnaby Googe's translation of Naogeorgus we learn how Martinmas was kept in Germany at about the close of the fifteenth century:—

"To belly chear, yet once again,
Doth Martin more incline,
Whom all the people worshippeth
With roasted geese and wine,
Both all the day long and the night
Now each man open makes
His vessels all, and of the must*
Oft times the last he takes,
Which holy Martin afterwards
Alloweth to be wine,
Therefore they him unto the skies
Extol with praise divine."

At St. Peter's, Athlone, Ireland, every family of a village, says Mason,† kills an animal of some kind or other; those who are rich kill a cow or a sheep, others a goose or a turkey; while those who are poor and cannot procure an animal of greater value kill a hen or a cock, and sprinkle the threshold with the blood, and do the same in the four corners of the house. This performance is done to exclude every kind of evil spirit from the dwelling until the return of the same day in the ensuing year, when the sacrifice is again repeated.

St. Brice's Day (November 13th) in the sixteenth century was celebrated by a rough and laborious custom called "bull-running," of which Strutt gives a very long description from Butcher's "Survey of Lincolnshire." It commences thus:—"The bull-running is a sport of no pleasure, except to such as take a pleasure in beastliness and mischief; it is performed just six weeks before Christmas."

Queen Elizabeth's accession (Nov. 17, 1558) was long observed as a Protestant festival. The Pope in effigy in a chair of state, with the devil behind him—a real person—caressing him, etc., was formerly

paraded in procession on this day in the streets of London, and afterwards thrown into a bonfire. There were also grand illuminations in the evening. In Queen Anne's time a fresh advantage was taken of the anniversary; and the figure of the Pretender, in addition to those of the Pope and the devil, was burnt by the populace. This custom, says Brand, was probably continued even after the defeat of the second Pretender, and no doubt gave rise to the following epigram, printed in the works of Mr. Bishop:—

"Three strangers blaze amidst a bonfire's revel:
The Pope, and the Pretender, and the Devil.
Three strangers hate our faith, and faith's defender:
The Devil, and the Pope, and the Pretender.
Three strangers will be strangers long we hope:
The Devil, and the Pretender, and the Pope.
Thus in three rhymes, three strangers dance the hay;
And he that chooses to dance after 'em may."

The festival of St. Clement (Nov. 23) was formerly regarded as the first day of winter, in which were comprised ninety-one days.* Dr. Plott, in his "History of Staffordshire," describing a clog almanack, says, "A pot is marked against the 23rd of November, for the feast of St. Clement, from the ancient custom of going about that night to beg drink to make merry with." In some parts of Staffordshire the children go about from house to house singing the following rhyme:—

"Clemeney, Clemeney, God be wi' you,
Christmas comes but once a ye-ar;
When it comes, it will soon be gone,
Give me an apple, and I'll be gone."

In Cambridge the bakers hold an annual supper on this day, which they call the "Bakers' Clem." St. Catherine's Day (Nov. 25), says Hampson, was anciently observed by young women, "who assembled to make merry, according to a custom which they called 'Catherining,' and which probably originated in the religious processions suppressed by the proclamation of the 33rd of Henry VIII." On "Catter Day" the lacemakers in Buckinghamshire hold merry-making, and eat a sort of cake called "wigs," and drink ale. According to tradition it is in remembrance of Queen Catherine, who, when the trade was dull, burnt all her lace, and ordered new to be made. The ladies of the Court could not but follow her example, and consequently there at once arose a great briskness in the manufacture.†

November 30th is dedicated to St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, and in their annual processions in honour of this day, the Scotch bear singed sheep's heads. In England St. Andrew's Day is chiefly noted as regulating the commencement of the ecclesiastical year, the nearest Sunday to which, whether before or after, constitutes the First Sunday in Advent.

In Northamptonshire the anniversary of this saint was, says Miss Baker,‡ kept by the lacemakers as a day of festivity and merry-making; but since the use of pillow-lace has in a great measure given place to that of the loom, this holiday has been less and less observed. The day, too, in former times, was one of unbridled licence. Village "scholarads" barred out their master, the lace schools were deserted, and drinking and feasting prevailed to a riotous extent.

* Hampson's "Medii Ævi Kalendarium," vol. i. p. 60.

† "Notes and Queries," 3rd Series, vol. i. p. 287.

‡ "Glossary of Northamptonshire Words," 1854, vol. ii. p. 326. Sternberg's "Folk Lore of Northamptonshire," p. 183.

* New wine, not fully fermented.

† "Statistical Account of Ireland," 1810, vol. iii. p. 75.

THE GRANTS OF LOCHSIDE;

OR, THE LIFE OF SCOTCH EMIGRANTS IN CANADA.

IV.

A GOOD many years passed over without much to mark them that would be worth setting down. First one and then another of my father's bairns left Lochside to go to homes, or at least to work of their own, till at last there was only left there myself and Marjory and our youngest brother, Walter. The departure of most of them was joyful to themselves, and we would not have kept them, but they left sore hearts behind them. For the first break in a family, even if it is not death that does it, is a sorrowful thing, and partings do not grow easier as one follows after another as the years go on.

Not but that my father and mother had reason to be thankful above most, where their children were concerned. They were for the most part content with the prospects of those who went, and children canna aye bide at home. I would like to go back to those days, and tell the story of one and another, and more than one of them had a story well worth telling, but it would take me too far away from Lochside and my father and mother if I were to say more than just a word or two about each of them here. Their stories may come later, unless I am stronger and get better work to do.

The first that went away was Sandy, my eldest brother, and we had no thought when he went that he would be away for more than just the winter months. Partly to see something new, and partly for other reasons, he went with a neighbour's son to work a while in the great timbering district, and he never came home again to stay. He was in the employment of one of the great timber merchants of these parts, to whom he made himself useful in the ways open to a lad who has had good schooling; and he prospered wonderfully, and at last married his master's only daughter. She was older than himself, and some folk wondered at Sandy, and my mother troubled herself with the fear that it might have been her money that he had been looking to, and I had some thoughts of that myself. But it was at her I wondered. For she was a delicate person who had got the upbringing and the education of a gentlewoman, and our Sandy had no pretensions either to learning or to fine manners. But she was getting past her youth, for one thing, and I dare say it pleased her father, who was growing an old man, and Sandy was his right hand in his business before very long. And it turned out very well for them, considering all things. They have had a measure of enjoyment, and have together helped many a good cause. They have a fine place, any way, and the eldest of their two daughters is long married, and has children of her own.

My brother, Peter, who comes next after me, settled on a farm of his own not far from Lochside. He married young, and his marriage didna altogether please his mother and the rest of us, but he was pleased, and it has turned out well, for she has been a faithful and an industrious wife to him, and a good mother to their children.

John stayed at home till he was one-and-twenty, and then he went to the University, for which he had, with the minister's help, prepared himself. He came

aye home in the summer, which was a great help to us, and to him too, for he gained as much as went far to keep him at the classes through the winter, with what help my mother could give him in the way of shirts and stockings, and home-made clothes. It took less to keep a young man at the college then than it does now, and I canna but think that they got more for their pains. At least I hear of none of the young men of our acquaintance who are doing all that my brother John did. But it is not for me to boast.

He was an ambitious lad, our John, and he had set his mind on the study and profession of the law, hoping through this way to get, as others had done, to the top of the tree. But truly the heart of man is in the hand of the Lord. He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned. A power that at that time he had not taken much into account in his plans turned him aside from his ambitious schemes, and gave him other work. To eyes opened to see the blessedness of having a share in the work of saving the world to God, the name, and fame, and wealth, which most men strive for, and which some make a portion of, look to be things of little worth; and this happened to him.

An echo of the voice which at that time, and before that time, stirred the very heart of Scotland to the maintaining of Christ's kingship over his church, came sounding over the sea to us in the wilds of Canada. It spoke through one of God's servants—now a saint in heaven—to the heart of my brother John, and from the day he heard it he gave himself to the work of the Master with a will that never tired or faltered, and so all his life and all his plans for it were changed.

My heart is full as I mind those days, and I must put a constraint on myself and keep silence with regard to them, or I should say more than would be wise. They were happy days to us all, and some especially. I was not yet past my youth in those days, and after the shock of pain from the disappointment in that on which, without knowing it, I had set my heart, it was like a renewal of hope and of life to have something to trust in that could not fail. My peace was established in those days, and my faith strengthened. Our house was much frequented by folk that were of our way of thinking in the matters of the kingdom, and my father and mother had much to do with its forward movement in our neighbourhood.

The will and force which my brother John threw into the doing of the work he had chosen for him was wonderful, and the influence that by precept and example he had over the young lads who were his friends was like nothing I have ever seen since. Some of those who began the race with him have "run well," others have been "hindered;" but God's cause has gone forward among us. John himself has much of the Master's highest work laid to his hand since then; he has had some experience of the pain of those who are hindered by enemies, and hindered worse by half-hearted helpers; but he has proved, as all God's faithful servants sooner or later

prove, that "the weakness of God is stronger than men," and that "His promise standeth sure." And though he is a poor man to-day, living from hand to mouth, as one may say, I know he would not change places with the highest or richest in the land; and it is no boast in me to say it, for what he has done for the work's sake, and what he has refused to do, has proved that to all those who have eyes to see beyond their own daily cares and interests, but I am sad to say there are fewer of such folk, even in the Church of God, than are needed there. John was aye my favourite among my brothers, and the years when he was coming and going to the house during his work of preparation, and afterwards till he got a house of his own, were among the happiest of my life. I might go on long about him before I should weary, but for many reasons I must stay my willing hand.

Annie married Abraham Powers, and went to live in the city of T., as I have said before. Theirs was a short courtship, and there were doubts arising in us to the prudence of the marriage as to worldly things, for he was only just beginning his practice, and had little to depend on besides. And though my father had a good deal of property even at this time, it was mostly in land, and not easily available for use, even if he had thought it wise to dispose of any of it at that time for their benefit. But my mother gave Annie a good providing, and I ken no one better able to keep up a good appearance on small means than she showed herself to be during the first years of their married life. Her children came fast, and she had enough to do, but she aye came home for a while in the summer, and that was good for them in many ways. And in a short time Abraham Powers needed help from no one. He is a much-considered man among his fellow-townsmen to-day, though he has his enemies too—as who has not?—and he has none the fewer that he has, contrary to his interests, we all think, taken up with politics and gotten into Parliament. However, every man must judge for himself, and stand or fall to his own master. He has had a good measure of prosperity thus far, and "men are praised that do well to themselves."

As to Jessie's marriage, there were not two minds among us as to the imprudence of that. It came upon us suddenly, for one thing, and we would fain have hindered it, for the Rev. Mr. Curran was a man nearly twice her age, and a widower with bairns. He was one of the kind whose rule is that their ministers must not stay long in one place, and she had no prospect that we could see but of a hard life and little comfort in it. However, it was to be, and my father and mother couldna set themselves altogether to oppose it since there was nothing to be said against him, but much in his favour as a faithful though not a very powerful preacher, and a God-fearing man.

And looking back on all that has come and gone, I see more clearly than I could then that considerations of worldly prudence are far from being the highest considerations with regard to marriage. It came true, as we all knew it must, that Jessie had a laborious life, with many cares and crosses; but if it is true—as who can doubt?—that the moulding of one's character to a likeness of His who was our perfect example as well as our sufficient sacrifice is the thing beyond all others to be desired by His followers, no one, seeing our Jessie now, would think of her marriage as a matter of regret, or of the

life she has lived since as a failure. She is like an old woman now, with hair far whiter than mine, though she is seven years younger. But her face has grown beautiful with the passing years, and for its look of heavenly peace and cheerful sweetness, I could not match it in all our circle—no, nor beyond it, as far as my chance of observation has gone.

She has had a large family and many cares; but, what with one thing and another, she has had many helps in bringing them up, and much comfort with them. We used to have two or three of them at Lochside in the summer, and whiles in the winter as well, and sensible bairns they were, that made the most of their chances for education and improvement generally. Her eldest girls are well-grown bonny lasses, who make as good an appearance in every way as their cousins, the Powerses, though less money has been spent on both put together than Annie has thought it right to spend on every one of her daughters. Mr. Curran is an old frail man now, with not many years of work before him; but his wife would as soon think of lighting a candle to see with at noonday as to think of doubting that all things will be well ordered for her and her children, whatever may be before them.

For a number of years my brother James was much with an English surveyor of land who had work of his kind to do in the region beyond us, but he always looked on Lochside as his home. He made fair progress in acquiring the knowledge necessary to a successful following of the calling, but he gave up his own wishes to please my father, who needed him at home. For Robert, to whom my father looked as the one of his sons who was to take his place and the weight of the work and care, as the years fell on him, took other thoughts in his head. He was the only one of us who had a drop of wandering blood in his veins, and the rumours we heard in these days of the great gold discoveries in various parts of the world came to him like a bad dream of gain that would not let him rest content with the prospect of the life that his father would fain have made easy and pleasant to him. So poor Bobbie went away, and he has been a rolling stone ever since. Not but that he "gathered moss" whiles, for he has made much money, but he has never been good at keeping it, and he has had an unsettled, unsatisfying life for the most part. He is not yet altogether past the age at which he might settle quietly down even yet, and I have faith to believe that his mother's prayers will be answered for him. So, though he has, through his waywardness, denied himself the comfort of a home *here*, it may not be denied him in the better world.

In this way it happened that for a good while in our lives there were just three of us at home together. James was aye coming and going at this time, but for a continuance there were besides myself only Wattie, our youngest brother, and my bonny May. And minding those days that were so bright, my courage fails at the task I have set myself, because of the darkness which followed them. And yet it was not all darkness, and afterwards light came through it to us all.

Anything that I might say of our May as she was in those days would hardly count, as all the rest said of me that I could see no fault in the child. But I never would have called her perfect. She had her faults, doubtless, but in the opinion of all who saw her, she was the flower of our flock. A bonny creature she was, with brown eyes both bright and soft, and

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winning ways at once merry and gentle. Other folk saw her beauty as clearly as I did, and some of them used to tell her of it, which I never did. Not but that she knew it herself without telling, but she never set herself up on her beauty. It was a gift that was valued by those who looked on her more than by herself, for whatever faults my Marjory may have had, vanity was na one of them.

But she was only a child in the days I have first to speak about, a happy, easily pleased child, who gave no trouble in the house, whose voice was music, and whose presence made sunshine in the darkest day to my mother and me. I say to my mother and me, because she was more with us than with the rest. She was like the apple of his eye to my father, and she was scarcely less than that to her brothers who were at home.

What Marjory was among the daughters of our house Walter was among its sons. It had aye been more or less of a disappointment to my father that his sons, one after another, had not been able to content themselves with settling down on farms in our neighbourhood, except, perhaps, in the case of John; and even John would have pleased him better at the time if he had not said anything about going to the University, though afterwards he was far from grudging him to the work of the ministry. But his wish grew out of the respect he had for the work of tilling the soil over any other kind of work; and out of this also rose his wish to hold property in the form of land rather than in any other form; and he had a just sense of the blessings to be enjoyed in a quiet pastoral life such as a farmer not pressed with debt or anxiety may enjoy, and he shrank more than was easy to account for from close contact with the mixed multitudes that they must strike hands with who are much in the bustle of business. He had the dislike which all good men have, but which some even good men get too easily over, of the tricks and quirks which many men of business tolerate in these days, and he would fain have kept his sons free from all temptation of that kind by making farmers of them. But even my father never set his heart on our Wattie's being a farmer. He worked on the farm while he was at home, and would have done so till he was one-and-twenty as the rest did, if by John's advice his University course had not begun before that time.

What Walter might have become in time I cannot say. He was in no haste to decide about his future course, and nobody hurried him. I used to wonder at John's thoughts and words about him. I think he was to John in those days what my Marjory was to me—an ideal self—a being that had gotten the gifts that I had missed, a creature growing up before my eyes into a perfection of beauty and goodness, and to a heritage of love for which I had longed, but to which I, being only what I was, could never have hoped to attain.

There was in my thoughts of my two brothers in those days something like this. John was like a young tree growing to its prime, in a space so open as to give it room, but not so bare as not to give it shelter—a tree to be proud and depended on to answer its uses of beauty and fruitfulness for many a year to come. And Walter was a sapling of the same stock, with a promise of the same use and beauty in maturity. But when once I said something like that to John, he laughed at me.

"There is the difference between us that there is between talent and genius," said he. "Not that

I am inclined to underrate myself. There is good stuff in me, I dare say—stuff that with God's grace may yet serve a good purpose in the building of his house on earth, but Elsie, lass, our Wattie should have wings. He is a young eagle."

"An eagle is a bird of prey," said I; "and I'm no' fond of eagles myself."

"Well, he is a poet, then, if you like that better," said John, laughing. "I don't believe that in a generation there are born two such in one country. He is a poet, though he hardly knows it yet. And Elsie, to have the gift of genius, and a sunny temper, and God's grace in the soul, is to have a blessed lot, a sublimer power, than most men can hope for."

I could not but wonder, hearing him. "Passing the love of women" was the love he bore to his young brother in these days. Not that he ever spoiled him, as folk whiles said I spoiled Marjory. Walter had his faults, and he needed both restraint and counsel, and sometimes thought his brother a little hard on him in all that he required of him. I knew well it was only because John, with his high standard of what a man should be and do, could not bear to see the slightest flaw in that which he regarded as so excellent, so fit for God's use and for his glory. Afterwards, I doubt, John vexed himself with thoughts about the past, as though he might have in those days been hard on his brother, but he never was—never.

But wherefore should I go over all this? I never meant to do it, and there is no use, for I never could make any one understand about these two bairns, and the happiness of those days. It was what they were to one another that I meant to tell, and even that is more than I can do as I would like. Walter was seven years older than his sister, but if ever brother and sister had perfect enjoyment in one another, these two had it from the very first. When I mind on the summer days they spent together in the fields and woods, and by the water-side, it helps me to an insight into the kind of life that the numberless little ones gathered by the Lord from all lands must be living up yonder in heaven. They were no more without the taint of Adam's sin than other earthly bairns are, but it didna show itself in them as is ofteneest the way in bairns. There was no such word as "mine and yours" between these two, either as regarded the things they possessed or the mind that was in them; and their temper was like the sunshine itself, warm, maybe, but bright and clear as the day.

They made themselves happy with anything. When wee May, as we called her then, was a little creature, they used to wander here and there, over the fields and in the wood, coming home with lapfuls of treasures, roots and buds, and bits of stone, and it was wonderful what pleasure they got out of them, and how wise they came to be about such like things, even when they were bairns. The poet's nature, that according to John was our Wattie's gift, must have been stirring in him even then, for out of the simplest natural things there came to him such sweet strange fancies. By reason of the poet's glamour in his eyes, he saw a visionary brightness on all things—every rock and tree, and on the lake and the islands, and the shore beyond. And what he saw he showed to his sister, and, in a sense, to the rest of us, but most of all to Marjory, and she had the very nature to meet his in the way to suit him. There was no poet's glamour in her eyes, and she was not

given to the indulgence of fancies, then or afterwards. But through her love for him she saw with his eyes, and the sympathy that she thus gave him was, maybe, better for him than if she had had the poet's nature too; at least it satisfied him.

Oh! but it was a happy life the two lived together. Looking back on those days, I would have nothing changed in them. They were all in all to each other, and the two together were all in all to the rest. And so their childhood passed, and their happiness did not grow less as they grew older. Folk said we all spoiled them, and I am free to confess that a life like theirs might have spoiled some bairns. But it didna spoil them. Nothing was expected from them but to take their pleasure; wandering about the place with their sticks and stones when they were bairns, and with their books and their poems and their grand fancies when they grew older.

But if there was no constraint put upon them, it was because they required none, either towards that which was needed from them at special busy times, as to the work without or within, or later, as to their learning. They made a pastime of whatever they had to do together, and, as may be supposed, it was only work of a light and pleasant nature that was expected from them at any time.

John was their teacher where books were concerned; they read together, and taught one another; and as Wattie grew up and John began to insist on a regular course in his brother's reading, and on his making real work, and not just pleasure of it, even then May, though she was seven years younger than he was, wouldna be quite shut out from a share of what he had to do; but as for being hard work, it was never that to either of them. For there were wonderful things in the books they read in other tongues, and my mother used whiles to fear that there must be things in them not good for a child like Marjory to learn. But it would not have been easy to keep her from doing what her brother did.

The reading cost her some trouble, doubtless, but it gave her more pleasure, and John said there was no cause to fear for such a girl as our May. And as she was to do it, he saw that she did it well, and with purpose, though I had my doubts then, and I have them yet, whether it be a wise thing to take up the time of girls in learning other tongues, some of which are spoken by no living people. But our May got no harm from them, or from anything else that came near her in those days.

Varieties.

OMNIBUSES.—The report of the London General Omnibus Company for the six months ended June 30th, shows that the expenses were £287,036, or a saving compared with last year of £13,122, due mainly to the increased use and reduced price of maize. The number of passengers carried in the half-year was 25,007,801, and the average fare 2.57d.; but, owing to the increased mileage run, the average earnings per mile run were 11.01d., as against 11.02d. in 1875. The number of horses belonging to the company is 7,939, and the average cost price of new ones during the six months was £39 10s. 10d.

EMIGRATION FROM GREAT BRITAIN IN 1875.—The "Report on Emigration from the United Kingdom in 1875" states that the emigration from the United Kingdom amounted altogether in 1875 to 173,809 persons. As compared with previous years, there was a very considerable diminution. The numbers for the

last three years have been—1873, 310,612; 1874, 241,014; 1875, 173,809. The latter number is the lowest recorded since 1862, in which year it was 121,214. The number of persons of British origin who left the country was, however, only 140,675, and deducting from these figures the number of immigrants, so far as they have been returned—94,223—the net emigration was only 46,447. This, the report says, would be an approximately correct result, as far as the balance of population left in this country by the recorded movements of population is concerned. Respecting the destinations of the emigrants, the facts of last year were that out of the total of 140,675 of British origin, 81,193 went to the United States, 12,300 to British North America, 34,750 to Australia, and 22,426 to all other places. The greatest decrease as compared with the previous year was in the emigration to the United States—viz., from 113,744 to 81,193, or 32,551, which is at the rate of 28.6 per cent., but there was a large decrease in proportion in the emigration to Australasia—viz., from 52,531 to 34,750, or 17,831, which is at the rate of 33.7 per cent. There was also a larger decrease in proportion in the emigration to British North America. On the other hand, there is an increase in the emigration to "all other places," from 10,189 to 12,426, and the figures under this head for a series of years show a steady and large increase.

THE ROMISH CLERGY IN IRELAND.—Archbishop M'Hale having summoned the clergy of the Roman Catholic diocese of Tuam to choose three names out of which the Pope might select a coadjutor, the bishop also requested them not to name Bishop M'Evilly, his suffragan, with whom he would not be likely to agree. They, however, named Dr. M'Evilly *dignissimus*, which is taken as a proof that the Ultramontane influence is dominant, instead of the national influence represented by Dr. M'Hale and the independence of the parish priest. The ancient usage of the Irish Church to name three candidates—*dignus*, *dignior*, *dignissimus*—was always responded to at Rome till the present conspiracy of Ultramontaniam to put down the independence of national churches. In India, since Dr. Cullen's appointment, the bishops have all been mere nominees of the Vatican.

SPURGEON ON PERFECTIONISTS.—He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down the world, and I neither did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred, more or less, with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has it prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's-cap I have, nevertheless, heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadow, so is all human good mixed up with more or less evil; even poor law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadies are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it is quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet, as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it's in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.

LORD PALMERSTON'S CONSIDERATE KINDNESS.—One day Lady Palmerston brought him home word that during her drive she had heard of one of his tenants having met with a serious accident. Although it was late, and the hour for his daily work in his library, he instantly ordered his horse, left his despatches, and within half an hour was by the bedside of what proved to be a dying man. Again, when in 1859 he presented the parish clergyman, Mr. Moore, of Romsey, to the living of Sutterton, knowing that Mr. Moore had indifferent health and was anxious about the quality of the water, he directed specimens to be sent to him out of Lincolnshire, and himself forwarded them for analysis to the Royal College of Chemistry, and obtained a satisfactory report, which he forwarded to Mr. Moore.

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